

SARGE PLUNKETT.

The Boys Who Get in the War First--They Can Guy New Recruits.

Atlanta Constitution.

"I had to go when old Sherman came," said Brown, "and I as little expected it as I do of having to go at the present."

"Had to go?" said I, in a manner to draw him out, for talks on the war are now in order and about all that people will listen to.

"Yes, had to go," said he, with something of a sneer in his tone.

"I had to jine under the last conscript act, which took us from sixteen to sixty. I have never seen what good there was in taking such old folks, but they did, and I was a most unwilling victim. They mixed me up with the fellows who had been there all the way through and to say that these fellows presumed on their length of service is putting it mild. They were entirely too funny to suit me. They seemed to derive the greatest pleasure in laughing at me at times when nothing but the severest seriousness perched upon my fevered brow. I am satisfied that one fellow they put me in a pit with tried to get me killed just that he might laugh at my kicks as I expired. Every time I got laid down good he found some excuse to make me get up and let them pop at me again, and then he would laugh at every fool thing and the nearer they came to killing me the louder he would laugh. One time when I raised my head a little too high a yankee ball went zip through the crown of my hat. The fool took it as great fun and rolled and roared in greatest glee. I never yet have been able to see anything funny about war."

Brown's right; the old soldiers did treat raw recruits with to much hilarity, and especially did they take delight in gaging the "melish."

"Come out of that biled shirt!" "Come out of that hat—I know you are there for I see your legs!"

Such foolishness as this was sure to greet the old melish whenever he happened about them. But these screams did not disturb the ones taken in the last call, for the most of them were deaf even to the cannon's roar, much less the voice of man. I knew one company of this old militia that was a hundred and five strong, and in all these 105 men there were only 106 eyes. Just one man of their number had two good eyes, and the drill sergeant had to go close up to each one and scream: "Fall in!" when he wanted them to form a line. "Fall in! fall in!" and it took quite a while to get them in line, and then if you didn't mind they would sit down and have to have help to get up if any speed was required in the matter. I laugh a little myself, now, when I think of that old Georgia melish and of Joe Brown's pikes, and yet I know it should be no laughing matter, for it represented the great stress for soldiers and indicated the desperation of the leaders to sustain the Confederate cause. Joe Brown's pikes were good for nothing but to show how little we knew of what war really was, and so it is now. The young generation will learn of things they never dreamed, and there can be no harm in telling of things which may in a degree prepare them for whatever may come as a consequence of war.

Just before old Sherman swung around to Jonesboro, the people seemed to know that there was trouble a-brewing, and the big roads were filled with refugees getting out of the way. Refugeeing is a part of war and a very sad part. These refugees had been moving on in front of Sherman from away in Tennessee and the most of them was in a bad condition; in fact the most of them were in distress and had to live as best they could from the charity of the few who yet remained at their homes along the roads. My folks, nor Brown's folks could never find it in their hearts to turn away these poor refugees as long as there was a crust of bread to divide or a place to stick one of them on bad nights out of the weather.

The night before Sherman swung around it was raining and as dark as Egypt. We had took the refugees in till there was not a place for one to lie. They had been piled upon the floor after the beds gave out till there was not room to step about without stepping on some one. Me and the old woman had reserved our own bed, and were just fixing to retire, when the dogs broke around the house as if they had discovered some wild varmint and were bent on tearing it up. When I stepped out to see what was the matter, what should I find but as sweet a young lady as you ever laid your eyes upon, and when we had got her inside the house she told the most pitiful tale you ever heard about as how she had started down the road to keep out of the way of the yankees, had lost her way in the dark, could travel no further and was just about to faint. The old woman shed tears as the girl related her story and went about to get up a little something to eat. I gave up the last drop of spirits

I had to stimulate the poor thing and my good old woman give up the last grain of sure enough coffee in Georgia to warm the lady and make her feel as much at home as possible under the circumstances.

After so long a time, we began to figure as to how the young lady should sleep for the night, whereupon she insisted upon just sitting in the chair through the night. My old woman would never hear to such a thing—such a sweet creature must have a bed if we had to do without one ourselves; but at last it was arranged that we should crawl up the ladder into the loft and sleep on the broom-straw up there, and I will remark that I had as good a night's rest as I ever had in my life, for the rain pattered on the boards right at my head and sounded so sweet that I forgot all about the war and dreamed sweet dreams the whole night through.

The young lady was up and gone by the break of day the next morning and our hearts went with her, wishing her a god-speed upon her way. Up in the day, after breakfast, I saw a long line of blue coats coming. I called the old woman and told her that we were goners—that old Sherman was upon us. Brown's girls were there and persuaded me out of running, and so we stood upon the porch and awaited the coming of the soldiers.

Just as the line had arrived in front of our house the soldiers halted and scattered to each side of the road and sit down for a rest. Directly there came in sight some men on horses, and as they approached the soldiers arose and shouted, with a great waving of caps:

"Huzza, huzza, huzza!"

I did not like that sound, nor I don't like it much till yet, but anyhow, I soon understood that the men and horses were some general and staff, and before I could tell it two of them rode right into our yard and once again I would have sworn that we were goners, but they soon turned to the well and inspired the hope that they only wanted water. One of these two was a monstrous handsome young officer and the other was a sharp-looking man, whom I afterwards learned was General Sherman. I kept my eyes on them and expected every minute to see them begin to feel for matches, but they didn't, and pretty soon the young officer lifted his hat and gave us a salute. Then, thinks I, what in the thunder is the matter with these yankees, and before I had time to feel good over their politeness the old general called a man and pointed toward us. This man, with six others, at once came marching up to us, and again I would have sworn that we were goners, but the spokesman said, as they halted in our front:

"We are sent here by General Sherman to guard your home."

Before I had caught my breath from the surprise up rode another fellow with a whole lot of bundles and handed them over to the old woman. Along with a lot of sure enough coffee and other good things, there came a note for me. It read:

"These things are sent you by an officer of the United States army whom you so kindly entertained last night, thinking I was a lady—I am a federal scout."

SARGE PLUNKETT.

Filling up the Ranks.

WASHINGTON, June 10.—The war department has issued instructions for the guidance of officers of the volunteer army detailed to recruit for their own organizations to fill them to the maximum under the second call of the President for 75,000 men. Applicants for enlistment must be between 18 and 45 years old, of good character and habit, able-bodied, free from disease, and must be able to speak the English language. Married men will be enlisted only upon the approval of the regimental commander. Minors must not be enlisted without the written consent of a parent or guardian. The term of service is two years. For infantry and artillery the weight must not be less than 120 and not more than 190 pounds, and for cavalry the weight is not to exceed 165 pounds, though recruiting officers are authorized in their discretion to accept desirable applicants 10 pounds or less overweight or underweight.

For a regiment the maximum of all grades, commissioned and enlisted, must not exceed 1,326 infantry or 1,255 in cavalry.

For a company the maximum of all grades is 106 in infantry, 100 in cavalry, 173 in field artillery and 120 in heavy artillery. Wherever practicable the choice by an accepted applicant of a particular company of the regiment or other organization for which the recruiting officer is making enlistments should be respected.

A WOMAN'S NEW KINSFOLK.

People-in-Law are Bound to Come With Husbands and Weddings.

St. Louis Republic.

She has been married two weeks, but she has told her husband she "did not marry his whole family." Of course he was a little surprised to hear her say this, but he accepted it as a sort of matter of fact, and though he was provoked enough to say "things" he wisely did not.

It all came about in this way: The husband's mother and sister had written they were coming up for a short visit, and the little bride had made other plans for the coming three or four weeks, and she did not want them interrupted.

The mother and sister from a nearby town are just the dearest women in the world, and they have not yet seen the lovely little wife about whom their dear "Will" has written so much. They have her picture and have admired it and shown it to all their friends. Will's business unexpectedly detained him, so the wedding journey has been postponed and the pretty new home occupied earlier than was expected. It was a quiet, simple wedding and as Will intended taking his wife at once on a visit to his old home the family had not been at the wedding.

The bride of this story is not unkind or ungenerous. She has only not yet learned that people-in-law are necessities, that folks accept with husbands. She adores her own mother, and her brothers dote on her. She would feel it sadly if she was separated from them, and I don't know what she would feel should her beloved Will tell her one day that he had "not married her whole family." But the little bride thinks she has gathered wisdom from the experiences of others. She has heard older women tell of the perfectly horrid times they have had when their husband's mothers came to visit them and teach them how to keep house, and she has quite made up her mind that just as dreadful times are in store for her. She does not stop to consider how dear Will's gentle mother is to him or how interested his sisters must be in his new home and how it is managed.

I want very much sometimes to pick up the cudgel of defense in behalf of people-in-law. I did that day when I heard the two-weeks' wife declare that her interest did not include the whole of her husband's family. I rather think I would have been glad had that particular Will, instead of looking a bit grieved and saying comforting things, said the "things" he thought. He may have been wisest not to, but I somehow fancy he will finally, unless his pretty girl-wife early repents and loves, as she deserves to be loved, the dear little mother and the quiet womanly sister-in-law. Their ways may not be exactly her ways, but I have learned that most husbands' mothers have the very best of intentions, and only mean to improve their new-found daughters when they offer to teach them old-fashioned ways of cooking and economizing. I hope that the eye of some new wife will catch this that I am going to write: A husband's mother is to be won over forever if a son's new wife will only let herself be taught a few things that will add to the happiness and comfort of that mother's son, for he is still her "boy," and indifference to his comfort at home and the thoughtless spending of his money can never be anything but a deep grief to the mother heart.

The girl who is generous will be willing to have her husband share his love with his family and try to make the mother feel that she has not lost a son, but has gained a daughter. This may, I know, sometimes not be an easy task, but for the final happiness of two people it is well worth the gentleness and patience that it will require to accomplish this end.

When Tom, who has spent nearly all his life in the country, goes to town and in time marries a city girl and takes her to his country home, then I am sorry for both the city girl and Tom's people, to say nothing of Tom himself.

For so many years the quiet, cool and roomy, old house has known the same even rule. Tom's mother was born in that house, and from her mother she learned all the mysteries of housekeeping, every carpet and every piece of furniture has its own particular associations. The cane-seated chairs that stand about in the kitchen and on the porches are made from the hickory trees that were cut down to clear a place for the first three rooms that composed the homestead that has been added to until it is now a great, rambling house with one of the original three rooms in the center for a hallway.

If Tom's wife loves quaint, old-fashioned things she is satisfied with all this, but quite often it happens that she approves of things more up to date, and modernizes the old home, until she is quite happy, and Tom's mother is quite uncomfortable.

If the town girl accepts Tom from the country she should accept Tom's

home and family just as they are, without one change or improvement. She does not need to sink her own individuality in doing this. She will be left freer and happier to follow her own favorite pursuits if she willingly leaves the reins of the household in the old hands that have held them for so long. It is time enough when they fail for Tom's wife to take them up. The saddest thing that can happen on earth is the putting of a mother on the retired list before she herself is ready to be put there. A woman does not want to feel that because her children are grown all her work for them is at an end. She likes to feel that in a measure they are always dependent upon her.

It seems to me that a daughter-in-law's position is a responsible one, and that no better fortune can befall her than to hear herself in time affectionately spoken of as "my son's wife," and called "daughter" by her husband's parents.

Baked hominy in Georgia fashion is a Southern dish that proves itself both appetizing and nourishing for the children's supper, or for a luncheon dish, served with cold meat. The hominy may be freshly boiled for the purpose or the cold boiled grits, left over from breakfast, may be utilized. When warm, drop in it one egg, a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut, and salt to taste, and mix thoroughly with a little milk or cream, until it forms a batter of medium consistency. Put in a shallow baking dish, one of the pretty earthen ones that can be used on the table, and bake to a delicate crisp brown on top and sides. It should not be over two inches deep in the pan.

But there are two sides to every question, of course. The reverse side to all this is the one where Tom, Dick or Harry's wife is regarded for an indefinite length of time, or always, as a robber who has come in and carried off the dearest family treasure. The engaged girl first goes through this awkward experience, and after she is a wife, if she is sensitive at all, she doubly feels her position when the separation from home becomes final. Often she longs to have her new relations assure her that they are something more than merely "resigned" to Dick's marriage.

Dick is not always most happily married when he waits until mother and sisters are quite ready to have him wed and pick out the woman he is to marry.

There is nothing that concerns other people so little and yet is interfered in so much as the matter of finding a suitable husband or wife. If you are inclined toward matchmaking, my advice to you is, don't. It is all right to throw congenial people together. If Cinderella had not gone to the ball, you know, she never would have met the Prince. But Cupid and Fate are better hands at managing affairs of the heart than summer time chaperons or "best friends." Not infrequently, when it is a "best friend" who engineers matters, it turns out to be a regular "why don't you speak for yourself, John?" case, and then somebody is bound to be disappointed and unhappy. And, then, who ever heard of one's marrying to entirely suit everybody in one's family?

It may be true that marriages are made in heaven, but a great deal that is earthly somehow gets mixed up with them. If two people think that they will journey through life for maybe half a century, with a halo of romance about them all the way, and all the time, then those two are mistaken. There will be trials and hardships that will be very hard to associate with romance.

The highest and best of happiness comes through sympathy—through being understood. All men, as well as women, have ideals. These should be respected. We are all better for entertaining them. The woman who is interested in her husband's life work, no matter whether that is planting corn or painting pictures, and encourages him to reach his highest aims, is better beloved, even if she is plain of form and features, than the woman who is selfishly indifferent and as beautiful as it is possible to be. I, for one, am a great admirer of beauty, but beauty in woman cannot begin to compare with that sweetness of disposition and charm of manner that make one forget to notice whether the mouth is faultless or the figure perfect. Many women who please at first sight in a short while lose their charm. Vanity and an evidence of self-love are not calculated to inspire or help very deep regard.

The most delightful woman in the world is the one who retains her individuality after marriage, for in this way she is ever charming and new. Through purity of heart there comes beauty of soul, and there is a positive divinity about the woman whose soul shines out through the commonplace doings of her daily life. Such a woman, into whatever home or place she may go, and whether as maid or wife, you will find not so much a misfit, and not waiting long to be understood and appreciated.

MARGARET HANNS.

Was It Swearing?

Two ladies were talking in an avenue car, says the Washington Star.

"This war is perfectly dreadful," said one.

"Indeed it is," said the other.

"Couldn't be worse."

"Yes, it could be worse, if the Spaniards were treating us as we are treating them."

"Of course; I don't mean that. I mean in its moral effect."

"I hadn't noticed that particularly."

"I didn't till yesterday."

"In what way?"

"On my husband."

"He doesn't want to enlist, does he?"

"Oh, no; I don't mean that. It is on him and my little boy, too."

"Not on an innocent child?"

"Yes. You know the little fellow has been marching around at a great rate with his tin sword and gun, and yesterday afternoon he informed me, to my horror, that he was going to fight the d—n Spaniards. Think of that, will you? And he is a prize Sunday school scholar."

"Horrible!"

"Yes; and when his father came home I told him about it, and insisted that he take Willie and give him a good whipping for swearing, and what do you think he did?"

"Told you to do it yourself, as my husband always does."

"No, he didn't either. He told me that under the circumstances it was not swearing, and that the boy could say what he pleased about the d—n Spaniards. And he's a member of the Church himself?"

A Famous Shot.

A Chicago lawyer has received from one of the officers of the United States monitor Puritan a letter giving an account of the bombardment of Matanzas and the famous shot which silenced the Gordon Point battery. The story was written at the request of the attorney, and is as follows:

"You ask me about Matanzas, and the bombardment. Wednesday the New York came down from off Havana to investigate a report to the effect that the dons were putting up some new batteries at Gorda Point. She passed us and signaled us to follow her, steaming in to within 3,000 yards of the batteries. She stopped, and suddenly we saw her forward 8-inch guns fired, the shot striking the earth-works near the battery. The Spaniards replied to this shot, and the New York began to light up. You could not see her for smoke."

"We began to get nervous for fear that we were to be left out of the muck, so we signaled for permission to fire, and it being given, we unchained a few of our pets and did good work. We fired only one of our 12-inch guns, one in our forward turret, at the Murillo battery, on the left hand side of the harbor."

"It struck short, but the ricochet must have hit the battery, as the dons were immediately seen going over the hill, striking the ground only in high places."

"The famous shot was our last one from the port forward 4-inch, and it was quite funny. A man by the name of Jackson, an old cowboy, is the gun captain. Three minutes after the order, 'cease firing' was given from the flagship, everybody was startled to hear the 4-inch gun go off. The man evidently felt he had a dead head and he let her go regardless. The range was about two and one-half miles, and the shot struck right in the Gorda battery and burst—a phenomenal shot. The men shouted themselves hoarse."

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

YELLOW FEVER.

A Few Words of Warning.

Persons who may be exposed to yellow fever and others living in districts liable to be infected by it will find that timely and intelligent preparation is the best means of keeping this dreadful malady out of the family. Sanitary regulations in the household are of the first importance. Clean up all refuse matter, decaying vegetation or cesspools. Drain off ponds, pools and sinks. Burn vegetable offal from the kitchen. Eat nothing but light, wholesome and easily digested food, avoid green or over ripe fruits and vegetables. Lastly, be sure that the blood, stomach and bowels of every member of the family is in healthy condition. Irregularities in the system, such as indigestion, constipation, torpid liver, invite disease to enter the body, and in the case of yellow fever, renders its progress more virulent and deadly. This condition can be speedily removed and pure blood, good digestion and regularity in the bowels re-established by using Prickly Ash Bitters, the great System Regulator. The frequent use of this remedy in doses suited to the age of each person will maintain perfect health in the family. Get a bottle at once while the fever is yet afar off, use it faithfully and regularly. Prompt action NOW in putting yourself and family in condition to resist the disease germs may spare you suffering and sorrow. Prickly Ash Bitters can be obtained at Evans Pharmacy.

—Pedagogue—"Conjugate the verb 'to do.'" Pupil—"Do, Dewey, done."

"Correct, my boy; y u shall have a Manila hat next week."

—Among the new diseases are listed typewriter's backache, telephone earache, gumchewers' lockjaw, and cigarette smoker's insanity. A crinoline craze is threatened also.

—A shoemaker was the other day fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them, which was that the soles were a little too thick. "If that is all," replied Crispin, "put on the boots, and the objection will gradually wear away."

—"Do you think your father is going to move out soon?" inquired the owner of a rented house of the son of his tenant. "Think so," was the reply; "we've begun using the window frames for firewood."

—"Why don't you give us a little Greek and Latin occasionally?" asked a country deacon of a new minister. "Why, do you understand those languages?" was asked, "no but we pay for the best, and we ought to have it."

—Whereas in 1837 the amount of tea consumed in England did not exceed 30,000 pounds, all of which came from China, the quantity now imported is upward of 230,000,000 pounds, or more than five and three-quarters pounds per head of population.

—"Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me." The doctor felt her pulse.

"There is nothing the matter, madam; you only need rest." "Now, doctor, just look at my tongue. Just look at it; look at it now. Say, what does it mean?" "I think," replied the doctor, "that needs rest, too."

—Consul General Lee's report to the State department will show that last year's sugar product of the island of Cuba was 212,051 tons. In prosperous years it is over 1,000,000 tons.

—Says a newspaper item: "It is a curious fact that the honey-bee was never known in the United States till imported from England." No more was the English sparrow, confound it!

—Uncle Sam's seamen will have a long coast line to defend. It measures 5,715 miles, embracing 2,349 miles on the Atlantic Ocean, 1,556 on the Gulf of Mexico, and 1,810 on the Pacific Ocean.



A man has to have luck to make a success of any calling. A man must have the backbone to take knock-down blows and get up again and again and fight on. Luck and stamina are largely a question of good health. It only takes one knock-down blow to finish a man with a headache. It only takes a small setback to disconcert a nervous and shaky man. A bilious, headachy man goes into bankruptcy at the first embarrassment. A nervous man who does not sleep at night and gets up shaky in the morning gives up the battle of business at the first discouragement. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the best of all health-makers and health-keepers. It makes pure, rich blood. It forces out all impurities and disease germs. It does not make any difference what the disease may be called, so long as it has its inception in improper or insufficient nourishment—this great medicine will cure it. It may be called dyspepsia, kidney disease, "liver complaint," skin or blood disease, or nervous prostration—all these have the same starting point. The "Golden Medical Discovery" reaches that point. It will cure these diseases absolutely. None of them can retain their hold on the system when the arteries are filled with rich, pure blood. I am a nervous man," writes Mr. F. C. Beddoe of Louisville, Kentucky. "For 25 years I suffered from torpid liver, constipation and indigestion which severely affected my nerves. Having to make my living by hard work, I would keep on until I would have to give up. Sometimes my friends would pick me up and carry me to bed. What little sleep I got was troubled with horrible dreams. I took six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It relieved the pain in my back and between my shoulders, braced up my nerves, and to-day I am a well man."

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LOST STOCK.

LOST, mislaid or destroyed five Shares of the Iron Belt Building and Loan Association of Roanoke, Va. Certificate of Stock No. 2930, Series R. All parties are warned not to trade for said Stock.
JAS. W. POORE.
Belton, S. C., May 18, 1898.—2m.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.
The undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of A. B. Towers, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will, on the 22nd day of June, 1898, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County for a Final Settlement of said Estate and a discharge from his office as Administrator.
T. C. LIGON, Adm'r.
May 18, 1898.

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A fertilizer containing nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and not less than 3% of actual

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ICE—COLD ICE—ICE.

MY customers and the general public will take notice that Elias Singleton is no longer in my employment. I have employed a reliable man to sell fish for me, so please give him your orders. I have been in the fish business for nine years and have always tried to give satisfaction, and will appreciate a continuance of your patronage. I handle all kinds of Florida Vegetables and Fruits in and out of season. Also, a full line of Fancy Groceries, Tobacco and Cigars, Oranges, Bananas, &c., at wholesale.

Florida Fish and Fruit Store.
April 20, 1898. 43 3m

NOTICE.

THE management of the Equitable Life Assurance Society in this territory is desirous of securing the services of a man of character and ability to represent its interest with Anderson as headquarters. The right man will be thoroughly educated in the science of Life Insurance and the art of successful soliciting. There is no business or profession not requiring capital which is more remunerative than a life agency conducted with energy and ability. Correspondence with men who desire to secure permanent employment and are ambitious to attain prominence in the profession is invited.
W. J. RODDEY, Manager,
Rock Hill, S. C.

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NOTICE.

All parties owing me notes and accounts are requested and urged to pay same as soon as possible. I, need my money and will be compelled to make collections early in the season. Save the trouble and expense of sending to see you.

J. S. FOWLER.

Sept. 29, 1897 14

NOTICE.

IN compliance with the recommendation of the Grand Jury, all persons who damage the public roads by the erection of dams on side of road which obstruct the flow of the water thereon, or otherwise damage the roads by throwing rocks, brush or other obstruction in the side ditches, will be prosecuted, unless such obstructions are removed before the first day of April next. This is given so that guilty parties may have time to comply with the law.

W. P. SNEEGROVE, Co. Sup.